[ficlet] Human AU: Fight.

• Mar. 9th, 2011 at 10:28 PM

Title: Human AU: Fight.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel.
Word Count: 876 words.
Summary: Gabriel refuses to cook for two, and Michael tries to avoid admitting ignorance.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt fight being used for this one. Four down, twenty-six to go! (And I should note that I'm beginning work on the next one in about two minutes.)

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

The counters have dirty dishes on them, there's breakfast on the table, but it's a breakfast for one, and Gabriel's already started on it.

Michael stands in the doorway, looking from the table to the counter and back, and he frowns. Usually Gabriel makes enough for both of them, even if he takes the lion's share of it, and as long as Michael's been human he hasn't needed to make his own food.

Gabriel hasn't noticed him there yet, and pours more maple syrup on his waffles. Michael finally enters, wondering what's different about today - what has changed? Why isn't Gabriel leaving something out, or getting up to make more?

"Oh, morning," Gabriel says when he notices him, and takes a bite of his waffle.

Michael's stomach growls, which bothers him, but he can't take care of it, not yet. Not without food.

"...where is breakfast?" Michael asks after a long moment of silence, mostly to prod Gabriel, as he hasn't taken the hint yet.

"It's waiting for you to make it," Gabriel says in-between bites. "There's a clean frying pan, and plenty of eggs in the 'fridge."

There's another period of silence. It's strained. Michael doesn't move, mostly because he doesn't know *how* to do what Gabriel's suggesting he do.

"What?" Gabriel asks at last, after he finishes his food. "You've watched me enough times, right?"

Michael isn't about to admit ignorance. He looks at Gabriel and waits, expecting him to take care of this.

Instead Gabriel puts his dishes in the sink and begins to leave, collecting his tabloid from

the shelf.

"I'll be on the couch," Gabriel says, and, "Don't burn the kitchen down."

"I don't take orders from you," Michael says at last, thinking he understands what's going on. It makes him bristle, tense up in anger - he will never bend to Gabriel's will, or serve him.

"I'm not ordering anything," Gabriel says, turning back. "What, you're really going to fight over this?"

There's silence, while Michael glares at him.

Gabriel slowly tenses, fingers curling into fists, and Michael is wondering how he's supposed to fight with hands that are so fragile. He won't back down, though.

Then abruptly the tension is gone, mostly, and Gabriel is laughing.

"You don't know how to cook, do you?" Gabriel asks, and it's that same tone Michael has learned not to respond to. "You were watching me, but you didn't try to learn, or understand, or anything, did you?"

Michael finally puts a word to the tone: mocking. It's the first time he's tried to identify it. He wraps his mind around the concept of one of his brothers mocking him, belittling him, and he doesn't like it. He doesn't answer Gabriel.

"...you're pathetic, you know that?" Gabriel says. "I'm not going to be your maid here, and you can't try to hide in ignorance forever."

There's something else in his tone, something Michael's trying to identify now, as Gabriel's words hurt too much to take in.

"You're human! Get over it! You're going to have to learn to cook, to bandage your own cuts and everything else!" Gabriel says, and his voice is rising. Michael thinks it might be anger, but there's something else...

Gabriel moves closer, gets right up in his face, and Michael isn't given time to figure it out. Not with Gabriel reaching and shaking his shoulders.

"What?" Michael asks, because he doesn't understand, doesn't want to understand what Gabriel's saying. He's not human, he thinks, he's just human until God rights everything and brings him back to Heaven, back to where he should be.

"Are you even listening?" Gabriel asks, voice still loud, and Michael tries to step back. "You're not, are you? You're hiding again, pretending I'm not even here - " He lets go of Michael's shoulders, and Michael identifies the new emotion here as disgust.

"Why am I even trying..." Gabriel asks, and turns away. "You're going to die before you ever realize that we're not being taken back, and we're humans, through and through."

"We're not," Michael says, before he can think about it. "We're not human."

"Yeah, tell that to your stomach."

"This is a mistake."

"Oh, and so was the war, and you getting trapped with Lucifer, and everything else that went wrong, huh?" Gabriel turns back, and he's furious, angry. "If we wait and pray hard enough, God will fix everything, is that right?"

Michael says nothing, because what else can he do? He's not human, can't bear to think about staying like this, can't bear to accept what Gabriel's saying.

It surprises him when Gabriel punches him.

The pain rips across his awareness, makes him fall back, onto the floor, and there's pain from the landing, pain he doesn't even know how to cope with.

Gabriel is standing above him, fist still raised, frustrated fury radiating from him.

Michael doesn't even know what he's doing when he raises his arms, shields his face.

"...make your own damn breakfast," Gabriel says, lowering his hand. "I'm not helping you hide."

Michael opens his mouth, certain he has to say something now, but before he can form words there's a loud thump from the other room, and too-bright light shining through the doorway.

Previous | Next